



Statement of Intent

You gotta make it.



Pilleater

Feb 7

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Imagine the white boy in main line Pennsylvania.

I'm that kid.

He was always nice, kind, submissive, open minded, intellectual, and ultimately a teenage eccentric who is looking for his peers to be the same. His love interest is outside of his race. His fixation is pure, and he pursues her.

A decade ago, I met someone special at a board game store. I pursued her, and it changed my life. She neglected me, threw me to the side, and hurt me. She never saw that I was a gentle giant, a potential key to open her up. I see that episode repeating. It defines who I am.

I sit in Valley Forge PA, as I watch the snow at sunset. All these years, I wasn't the right "type" of white guy for her. Bad game? No way. The definitive moment I realized there is a subculture of WMAF (white-male-asian-female) types. I first became resentful. Where do I exist in time?

I must be queer.

As if going to be an "Asian Studies" major would help me pursue my dream. No. And attending a 600 student private campus? To my shock, one WMAF couple was there, and they were the most popular students. I was being robbed of my destiny TO BE that white boyfriend with the Asian.

At 25, I mimicked what Yukio Mishima did, and showed that college and others around me "Almond Eyes, Baby Face." I wrote my *Confessions of a Mask*. I was sad, robbed, and defeated. I was a muted child who was constantly denied my sexuality and freedom.

Until now, I have matured.

I did achieve many goals in the last five years of my life. My environment, the busted education culture, and horrible "friends" made it worse. I was an innocent actor, ready to let God make me into a blue pilled hipster into Asian culture without consequence.

I have to speak up.

I represent many individuals born into a generation of "queer" white folk who escaped the confines of white culture, and embraced the edgy nature of the underground. Along the

way, we demanded that we wanted hipster people-of-color girlfriends.

No more feminist bullshit. We want **our** culture of the arts.

I see that girl a decade ago being mislead by neoliberal forces, yet riding the Eurasian Futurist one us radicals are riding too. It's the same path, but different "types." Perhaps a "new cuck" is a normie WMAF couple. A "based" WMAF couple is anti-liberal and into race realism.

No one cares nor wants to write about the WMAF subculture and uprising. I'll volunteer, just like a gay man advocating white nationalism. I am after all an "Asian Studies" major. It's what I grew up with. I must pursue my passion and not shun it. I'm an adult with wisdom.

I must make my art. It what drives me. Others will see it my way too. Now I have what I always wanted at 18. A decade later, it feels like I opened up my time capsule and tomorrow just began. They all know my name. Truth is hard at first. I must pursue my romance.

I've always been in this subculture.

I call it "AxA".

...but it doesn't do justice.

Maybe Tim Biskup has a better name for it. I naturally fit in. To analyze myself is so "Heideggerian." I could just love this good AxA life. Instead, I want to give others this joy too.

Just about, who I am.

And ask, who we are?

A decade later, I celebrate my first encounter with love. They all say to men, "forget about me." Never. Never again must we see them as commodities. They define who we are, what we became. We pursue the art, music, culture, and ideology for them.

I've always loved you.

One day you will remember me. You won't forget about us as errors. You will see an article about those group of radicals.

"They talk about us!?"

They love you.

My life is in accordance with truth, and beauty is truth.

AxA,

forever, and ever.

Bis "Statement of Intent" JSRF Soundtrack



-pilleater

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